

RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Polite Literature;

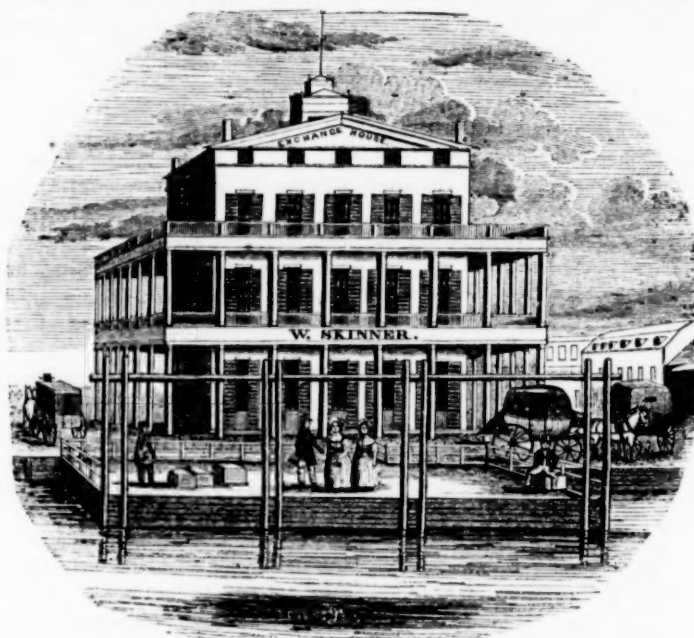
Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

VOLUME XVII.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1841.

NUMBER 26.

Exchange House, Poughkeepsie, Dutchess Co. N. Y.



EXCHANGE HOUSE.

This house was erected about five years since, at an expense of about \$20,000. It is situated at the foot of Main-street, fronting the Hudson river, and adjoining the wharf where all the steam vessels land in passing up and down the river. It was newly fitted up and furnished by its present proprietor, WARREN SKINNER, about three years since, more with a view to comfort and convenience, than splendor or extravagance. The proprietor is well and favorably known to the traveling public, having had ten or twelve

years experience in the business, and is well calculated to please all who may favor him with their patronage. The house is well arranged for accommodating families who may wish to retire for a few months in the summer season, to breathe the pure air of the country and enjoy the pleasing variety here offered by the continued passing and re-passing of boats of all descriptions, and the constant arrival and departure of strangers from every clime and country. The stages running to every part of the country, call here previous to leaving the village.

SELECT TALES.

THE HEIRESS.

A Tale of Domestic Life.

BY T. HAMILTON.

"What think you of Miss Talbot, Harry?" said Edward Seyton to his friend.

"She is pretty—accomplished—conversable—and quite a belle."

"Drawled out as if you lost a tooth at every word. Why, my dear fellow, *what* is the matter with you, that you can't see perfection where every one else discovers it? Miss Talbot!"—faith, she's without a rival, and then such a fortune. Give me your heiress after all."

"It is my misfortune, however, not to see anything of that perfection you speak of in Miss Talbot. To me she is a mere lady of fashion—"

"My dear fellow—"

"Here me out. I said Miss Talbot was a

mere lady of fashion, and I repeat it. She is in every thing too selfish, vain, and flippant. She is always gossiping ill-naturedly about her neighbors, she wins attention by tricks a real lady should be ashamed of, she never yet conversed five consecutive minutes sensibly, she—"

"Stop, stop," said Henry Morven, laughing, "you caricature her little foibles too extravagantly, and one would think you a judge summing up the crimes of a wretch he was about condemning to die. True Miss Talbot likes a little scandal, and is a bit of a coquette, but what then? The first makes her witty, and the last will add to the reputation of the fortunate fellow who wins her. For my part, even if your strictures were true, I'd venture twice as many foibles to obtain a cool ten thousand a year."

"That, then, is the secret of your attention to Miss Talbot, instead of her cousin, whom you cannot but own to be more beautiful."

"Faith! and you're right there, though Miss Talbot is also pretty."

"Yes! and only pretty. Emily Inskeep, on the contrary, is beautiful, and has the expression of an angel, if we may, in our waking moments, dream of those bright beings. And then how amiable! In every thing she is superior to her cousin, except in wealth. She has no selfishness, she does not continually strive for admiration, she can sit and converse with you for hours without speaking a word either of pedantry or of nonsense. Ah! Harry, if you only knew when you were wise you would at once own her virtues instead of being dazzled by her empty-minded cousin."

"Faith!" said Morven, shrugging his shoulders, "I don't know but what you are half right after all, and if Miss Inskeep only was an heiress. I would e'en take her without further parley. But 'there's the rub.' The fact is my dear fellow, I can't afford to marry a poor wife. Always brought up in expensive habits, I have even outrun my income, and must now either retrench or marry a fortune. As I cannot think of doing the former, I must look out for an heiress. And, after all, Miss Talbot is not so bad for a fashionable wife, and will make a dash at the head of one's table. You needn't shake your head. Economy I detest, and so I can't for a moment entertain the idea of retrenching. Just think what the world would say if they heard that the gay and fashionable Morven had married one of your amiable creatures without a sixpence, and betaking himself to some domestic cottage in the country, and sunk down into a quiet tread-mill sort of a chap, without a thought except for his rosy wife and children, his pigs, his orchard, and the price of grain. Pshaw! it makes me sick to think of it."

"Well, it's no use discussing the question with you, I see. Suppose we go and visit the ladies."

"With all my heart," said Morven—and the two young men called out together.

Henry Morven was a young man of fortune, and naturally of a noble nature—but the constant round of fashionable dissipation in which he lived, had gradually changed his disposition until it was impossible to say whether the good or the evil predominated in him. Accustomed to luxury from his earliest childhood, he had well told Seyton that he could not endure the thought of mere competence, which he called poverty—and he was therefore willing to sacrifice the happiness of his life for the purpose of winning an heiress. Of this success he did not for a moment doubt. Gay, fashionable, with some talents, the reputation of wealth, and celebrated as the beau of the season, he had already flattered himself that Miss Talbot was not insensible to his attentions. Her great wealth was a prize not to be overlooked—

and even before his conversation with Seyton, he had resolved on wooing and winning her.

His friend, however, was of a far different character. Edward Seyton was indeed one of nature's noblest sons. He did not possess the wealth of Morven, nor did he make any pretensions to fashion, but few men were more polished in their demeanor, or more fascinating as a companion. He possessed the rare art of adapting himself to the mind of the one he was for the time conversing with, and thus was universally popular. While Morven was generally the more admired, Seyton was always the more loved. Their intimacy having arisen from their having been room-mates in college, and though after they had graduated the two friends had separated—the one to study a profession, and the other to commence a career of fashion—yet a mutual correspondence had been kept between them, and, they had continued their boyish intimacy unimpaired. Indeed it was not until the lapse of nearly four years, when they met again, that Seyton discovered the change which the world had worked in his friend. He left him a frank-hearted and often generous youth: he met him a selfish, sneering man of fashion. They had both arrived at the ——— springs, at the same time, and while there, had met the two cousins, Miss Talbot and Miss Inskeep, from Boston. The former said to be an heiress to an immense amount, while the latter had nothing but her virtue to recommend her.

But if Emily Inskeep was without wealth she was not the less to be admired, nor was it long after the foregoing conversation, before Seyton became conscious that his affections were irretrievably placed upon her. This discovery of his feelings placed him in a dilemma, from which he knew scarcely how to extricate himself. Having little beside the practise of a young physician, which was necessarily small, to support a wife, he dared not even hope that Miss Inskeep, who, although no heiress, had always lived in luxury, would share her humble lot with him—and yet he felt to live without her would be misery itself. Never before had he envied the rich their wealth, but now he felt, that if he could only offer Miss Inskeep a fortune, his happiness would be complete. He sighed for riches, not for himself, but for her. That Miss Inskeep herself cared not for wealth he was confident—her heart was too generous and pure to be moved by interested motives, and Seyton knew that her love could only spring from the most exalted esteem—but then would it be right to subject her to comparative poverty, depriving her of the thousand little nameless luxuries, which, from long use, had become necessary to her? Besides he was certain that her uncle, who was also her guardian, and who attended the cousins at the springs, would never consent to her union with him. Many an anxious day and sleepless night did Seyton spend in thinking over his situation; but every hour only convinced him more and more the hopelessness of his suit. Yet he could not resist seeking the company of Miss Inskeep, and, though at first, she seemed not insensible to his attentions, yet of late her manner had grown more reserved and cold. This confirmed his opinion of the impossibility of obtaining her hand, and unable to endure the agony of behold-

ing others enjoying her smiles, he determined on flying from her presence, and at once leaving the springs.

"Yes!" he said to himself, "there is no hope. Miss Inskeep has noticed my attentions, and her coldness is intended to check them. I will but see her once more—at the ball to-night—and only at a distance."

The very evening preceding his departure chance threw him in the way of Miss Inskeep. It was a lovely July night, and the moon was silvery hill and plain, valley and stream, as they stood together in the piazza of the hotel, gazing out on the wierd-like landscape. The hum of voices, mingled with music, floated in mellow harmony from the distant ball-room. All else was still. Not a person, beside themselves, was in sight. Seyton had wandered forth moodily from the gay dancers, and accidentally met her whom he adored in the piazza alone. He could but stop and accost her. She started, blushed, and shewed a momentary embarrassment; but instantly rallying herself she said.

"What a lovely evening. How far sweeter this scene is than the empty show within."

"Far, far superior indeed. But alas! it is one I leave to-morrow for the dull city, with its smoky skies and eternal rows of brick."

"Leave the springs?" said Miss Inskeep with some surprise, and then as if to hide the interest she had unguardedly shown she continued blushing, "I thought that you were to remain a fortnight yet."

The manner of the beautiful girl flashed a sudden hope across the heart of Seyton. He did not pause to think. A sudden impulse seized him; all his resolutions faded in an instant; and in a wild, hurried tone, he breathed to his companion his tale of love. He did not cease until he had told her all, and why it was that he had determined to leave the springs.

"And now I have done, dearest Miss Inskeep—if indeed I may call you that—and you know my temerity. You know too my determination to fly from your presence, since I cannot become your suitor. But oh! when I am far away, if sometimes you will cast one thought upon me, how will I bless your name."

He ceased. His fair companion trembled violently, but her face was turned away. Could she be offended? This was not the way to show her anger. A new, a wilder and more delicious hope rushed upon Seyton, and he ventured to take her hand. It was not withdrawn. The next moment the yielding form of the beautiful but now agitated girl sank upon his bosom.

"And your late reserve arose from your thinking that I was growing cold," said Seyton, was it indeed so, love?"

The blushing girl spoke not, but her eyes, as they looked up into her lover's, gave a sufficient answer.

"Nothing gives me greater pleasure," said the Uncle of Miss Inskeep the next day, as he listened to the suit of Seyton, than to bestow on you the hand of my favorite niece. Nor has she told you wrong about her fortune. It is she and not her cousin, who is the heiress. Report somehow has fixed the title on the wrong one, and my sweet Emily would not allow me to contradict it,

for she said that she wished to be loved for herself. I am satisfied that in seeking her you thought nothing of fortune, and have acted in all respects honorably, far different indeed, from Mr. Morven, who yesterday proposed for Miss Talbot, but learning from me the true amount of her fortune, this morning he sent me a note in which he begs leave, the puppy said, to withdraw the matrimonial proposition he had made to me respecting my niece; and I understood from Emily, that it was his pointed attention to her that drove her out into the piazza to escape him. The scoundrel! does he mean to be impertinent enough, after slighting one niece, to make love to another. I'll cane him, old as I am, the very next time I see him."

But the honestly indignant uncle, had no necessity to inflict this summary chastisement on Morven, for on learning that Miss Inskeep had accepted Seyton, and that his whole conduct had been exposed, he departed without a moment's delay from the Springs, and embarked for Europe by the next packet, proposing to remain there until his acquaintance should have forgotten the indignation, which his shameless conduct inspired even in their breasts.

Seyton and Emily were married, during the autumn and neither ever repented of having chosen partners for life, sorely on account of their virtues. The uncle took up his abode with them, and was always ready to stand as godfather when occasion required.

The other cousin Miss Talbot, eventually married a foreign Count, who turned out to be a Parisian actor, that had come over to this country on a matrimonial speculation. He soon deserted her, and she is now living with Mr. and Mrs. Seyton. Her misfortunes have quite reformed her.

MISCELLANY.

THICKER THAN THREE IN A BED.

THE hotels at Washington on the 4th of March were so crowded that the visitors were compelled to sleep upon chairs and tables, after the beds were all packed full. One of the accounts we have seen reminds us of an old Boston story which we heard in our younger days.

A Vermonter "came down" during the winter with a couple of frozen hogs in his pung and lumber box, and drove up to a hotel at the North End. The house was full as it could hold, and the barkeeper one of the driest wags that ever cracked a joke.

"Can I have my horse put up and get lodging for myself at this ere tavern?" said the Vermonter, kicking the snow from his shoes, and addressing the barkeeper.

"You can have both, sir," rejoined the barkeeper.

"Well, I wish you'd flax round and git supper as fast as you can, cause I'm all-fired hungry and tired too. I've druv all the way from Chelsford since dinner, and some sassysigis or something of that sort would'nt go bad jist now," continued the Vermonter.

"I'll take your measure," said the barkeeper, reaching a piece of tape from a nail and stepping from behind the bar.

"Oh, get out," said the Vermonter, "you

don't measure folks for a meal of vittles down here, du ye?"

"Always," retorted the rogueish barkeeper.—"We always measure strangers, and more particularly than ever when they call for sausages. About four feet will do for you, I should think," drawing the tape around the waist of the astonished Green Mountain boy.

The supper was soon smoking on the table, the Vermonter made a hearty meal and shortly after he came to the barkeeper and said he was ready to go to bed.

"You have no objection to sleeping more than one in a bed, have you?" said the waggish barkeeper.

"Not the least airthly objection in the world," retorted the Vermonter.

"Well, there is no necessity for my showing you the way up," continued the barkeeper, taking his lodger to the foot of the stairs and handing him a candlestick. "You will go up four pair of stairs when you will come to a ladder. Go up that and you will see a rope hanging down through the scuttle. You will then have the kindness to put the candlestick between your teeth, spit on your hands and climb the rope hand over hand. There is one bed in the loft with only nine men and boys in it and plenty of room for one more by crowding in under the eaves. I'm sorry I can't do any better for you to night, but we're VERY FULL."

It is needless to say that the barkeeper was joking all the while, and afterwards gave the fellow a comfortable "bunk" on the floor, but not until he had frightened him badly at the idea of taking so long a journey at that time of night, up stairs, ladders, and ropes.

LUDICROUS ANECDOTE.

A FEW years since, an aged clergyman in the western part of this country, speaking of the solemnity attached to the ministerial office, said that during the whole term of forty or fifty years that he had officiated therein, his gravity had never been but once disturbed in the pulpit. On that occasion, he noticed a man directly in front of him leaning over the railing of the gallery with something in his hand, which he soon discovered to be a huge quib of tobacco just taken from his mouth. Directly below sat a man asleep, with his head back and his mouth wide open. The man in the gallery was intensely engaged in raising and lowering his hand taking an exact observation, till, at last, having got it right, he let fall the quib, and it went plump into the mouth of the sleeper below! The whole scene was so indescribably ludicrous, that for the first and last time in the pulpit, an involuntary smile forced itself upon the countenance of the preacher.

GETTING DESPERATE.

Dec. 31st, half past eleven at night—Scene, Mrs. Squibbs' sitting room.—Present, Miss Sophrina Phiducia Squibbs, and Ephraim.

"A-hem! Ephraim, I heard something about you." "La! now Miss Sophrina, you don't say so." "Yes, indeed, that I did—and a great many said it too." "La! now what was it Miss Sophrina?" "Oh dear! I can't tell you," (turning away her head) "Oh la! yes do now." "Oh

no—I can't." "Oh yes—Miss Sophrina." "La me! Ephraim you do pester a body so." "Well do please to tell me, Miss Sophrina." "Well, I heard that—Oh I can't tell it." "Ah! yes, come now, do," (taking her hand.) "Well I didn't say it—but heard that." "What?"—(putting an arm round her waist.) "Oh! don't squeeze me so—I heard that—that—" (turning her blue eyes full upon Ephraim's,) "that—you and I were to be married, Ephraim."

POLITENESS.

REV. MR.—had traveled far to preach to a congregation at —. After the sermon he waited very patiently, expecting some one of the brethren to invite him home to dinner. In this he was disappointed. One and another departed, until the house was almost as empty as the minister's stomach. Summoning resolution, however, he walked up to an elderly looking gentleman, and gravely said—"Will you go home to dinner with me to-day, brother?" "Where do you live?" "About twenty miles from this, sir." "No," said the man, coloring; "but you must go with me." "Thank you; I will cheerfully." After that time the minister was no more troubled about his dinner.

A LIPSUS LINGUE.

A GENTLEMAN was lately in a party of ladies, when the subject of conversation turned upon marriage. In answer to a question from one of the party, whether he was a married man? intending to reply, "Yes madam; and I can offer no stronger proof of my approbation of wedlock than that I have myself had the misfortune to bury one wife and the happiness to marry another." Instead of this, he unluckily inverted the sentence thus:—"I have had the pleasure madam, to bury one wife, and the misfortune to marry another."

A FIRE occurred in this village on Tuesday last, and so great was the efficacy of the village fire engine, that it had hardly proceeded forty rods from its station before the fire was extinguished! actually scared out.—*Kalamazoo Gazette.*

Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1841.

THE END OF THE VOLUME.—The present number concludes the 17th Volume of this paper. We feel thankful to a generous public for the liberal encouragement which has been bestowed upon us, and tender our best wishes to our cotemporary prints, who have spoken so flatteringly of us, in terms of commendation and respect. To our Agents and Patrons, we send our humble respects, and hope they will continue to lend us their aid. To our Correspondents, we cheerfully offer the hand of fellowship, desiring that they will not neglect to continue to present their offerings; we would, however, suggest to some of our writers of poetry, that their articles would be more acceptable if they were not quite so lengthy, our poetical columns being limited to one page, and as "variety is the spice of life," we wish to give our readers as much of it as possible. We would remind the few of our Subscribers who are in arrears, that the small sum due from them, would meet with a cordial reception. We will

endeavor to make the next Volume as interesting as any of its predecessors. It will be perceived by our Prospectus that during the next year we intend giving Engravings as formerly. We shall present our readers, in the first number of the next Volume, with a beautiful Engraving and a story of very deep interest. We will merely add that we are under the necessity of strictly adhering to our terms in advance, as most of our expenses occur at the commencement of the volume.

Those who wish to subscribe for the ensuing volume, will find that every former Agent and many new ones have a Prospectus, and they can apply to them or to the Postmaster in their vicinity, who will forward to us the amount of subscription, free of expense.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

T. B. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00; W. M'D. Furnace Village, Ct. \$1.00; I. N. B. Royallton Centre, N. Y. \$1.00; A. A. S. Pawlet, Vt. \$1.00; C. S. B. Heath, Ms. \$1.00; N. G. Leyden, N. Y. \$1.00; L. E. N. Winsted, Ct. \$2.00; H. L. D. Vandalia, Ill. \$5.00; E. L. M. Morrisville, Vt. \$6.00; A. G. H. Wetumpka, Ala. \$1.00; L. G. Canton, N. Y. \$3.00; F. J. Rush, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Lebanon, N. Y. \$2.00; A. E. Penfield, N. Y. \$1.00; R. C. New London, N. H. \$1.00; L. P. T. Scienceville, N. Y. \$1.00; H. L. F. Benton Centre, N. Y. \$1.00; W. W. W. Warwick, N. Y. \$1.00; L. A. W. Strongsville, O. \$1.00; E. H. East Long Meadow, Ms. \$1.00; H. C. T. Shelburne Falls, Ms. \$4.00; P. M. North Stephentown, N. Y. \$2.00; D. L. T. Phillipston, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Greenfield Centre, N. Y. \$5.00; H. C. T. West Winchester, N. H. \$1.35; I. B. H. Mansville, N. Y. \$1.00; M. A. M. Sempronius, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Brandon, Vt. \$5.00; L. W. E. New-York, \$3.00; H. C. T. Hinsdale, N. H. \$1.35; J. S. M. South Coventry, Ct. \$6.00; A. F. Dalton, Ms. \$1.00; R. M. W. Middleville, N. Y. \$1.00; H. A. S. Columbia Hall, N. Y. \$0.50; O. H. P. W. Cairo, N. Y. \$1.00.

Cheap Reading!!!

We have on hand some Volumes of the Rural Repository, of the First Series, of a smaller size, which we will dispose of, unbound, as follows, viz: the 3d, 5th, 6th, 8th, and 9th volumes for \$3.00. We also have a few of the 4th and 7th volumes, and those who will take the whole seven can have them for \$4.50; the 4th and 7th volumes will not be sold separately at less than \$1.00 each. All the volumes are unconnected, and all but the 3d and 4th have copper, lithographic or wood engravings in them, and contain matter as interesting as those of the present size.

The New Series, of the present size, we will dispose of, unbound, as follows, viz: the 11th, 12th, 13th, 16th, and 17th volumes for \$4.00. We also have a few of the 10th, 14th, and 15th volumes, and those wishing to obtain the whole eight can have them at \$1.00 each, as we have not any of them to sell separately. Those wishing only the 11th, 12th, and 13th volumes, can have them for \$2.00. The 16th and 17th volumes will not be sold separately at less than \$1.00 each, but will be put in with the next or 18th volume, if requested, at the rates stated in the prospectus of that volume.

Married,

In this city, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, Mr. John B. Sharp to Miss Emily Badgley, all of this city.

Died,

In this city, on the 25th ult. Helen Elizabeth Sargeant, in the 19th year of her age.

On the 22d ult. Mrs. Catharine Kitterhouse, in the 27th year of her age.

On the 24th ult. Mr. Abiah Coffin, in his 86th year.

On the 24th ult. Charles H. son of William and Eliza Ann Abel, aged 1 year, 4 months and 8 days.

On the 22d ult. Mrs. Margaret Husted, aged 27 years.

How sweet to sleep where all is peace,

Where sorrow cannot reach the breast,

Where all life's throbbings cease

And every pain is lulled to rest;

Escaped o'er fortune's troubled wave,

To anchor in the silent grave.

At Stockport, on the 20th ult. John, son of William and Martha Sheers, in his 2d year.

At Claverack, on the 20th ult. Maria Allen, in the 40th year of her age.

At Austerlitz, on the 20th ult. Timothy Reed, Esq. aged 69 years.

In Marblehead, on the 17th ult. Mrs. Alicia H. wife of Capt. John Gilley, in the 41st year of her age.

At Factory Point, Vt. on the 21st ult. Abigail L. wife of Enos B. Emmons, aged 23 years, 5 months, and 8 days.

Happy rest, thy days are ended,

All thy mourning days below

Go, by angel guards attended,

To the sight of Jesus go,

Waiting to receive thy spirit,

Lo! the Saviour stands above

Shows the purchase of his merit,

Reaches out the crown of love.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

TO MY SISTER.

BY T. C. WORDEN.

BRIGHT Sister, when life's morning ray
Beamed on my pathway fair and gay,
Thy merry laugh and voice of glee
Would bid my childish sorrows flee,
While nought of gloom could hover nigh
When guarded by thy watchful eye.

When on time's silent hoary wing
Were brought to us the flowers of spring,
How oft beside the murmuring rill
When all was calm and soft and still,
Have we, devoid of grief and care
Plucked fragrant blossoms, glowing there.

How oft in childhood we would roam
Away from our paternal home,
To ramble down the river's shore
And hear its gurgling waters roar,
While onward to the ocean rolled
Its gently heaving waves of gold.

When night her vestments round us threw
To hide earth's glories from our view,
How oft in innocence and love
We gazed on shining orbs above—
Beheld the stars in beauty roll
Along their courses round the pole.

But sister—these sweet scenes are o'er,
Those places "we shall know no more"—
We see them scattered by the blast—
We view them fading on the past,
And visions of that sunny clime
Receding on the wing of time.

Still, let this thought inspire your breast,
When with life's lonely cares oppressed,
That wheresoe'er I chance to range,
My love dear Sister ne'er will change
Nor time nor distance ever tell
I ceased to love thee deep and well.

For the Rural Repository.

"ARISE! depart ye, for this is not your rest—is it polluted."—Micah ii. 10.

"ARISE! for this is not thy rest,"
Why dost thou hope for rest, below?
Is there in all this wilderness
One spot, where living waters flow?
Are trees of fruit immortal, found
To flourish on this earthly ground?

Arise! for this is not thy rest,
Thy friends, thy brethren, are not here;
They pass along with cheerful haste,
Before Jehovah to appear;
They need thy voice to swell their song,
Arise! depart—and join their throng.

Arise! thine enemies surround,
Gird on thine armor for the fight—
Repose not on the battle-ground,
But put thy numerous foes to flight;
Then weary one, thy conflict o'er,
Thou too shall rest to fight no more.

Arise! depart! thou canst not know,
How sweet a rest will soon be thine.

When thou hast passed this vale below
Thy kindred in the skies to join;
No mortal tongue can tell how blest
Are they, who with Jehovah rest. M. E. W.

From the Forget-Me-Not, for 1841.

THE GAME AT CHESS.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

LOVE with a Lady—would you know
Her name, then read this heart, for there
'Tis written, like the words of woe,
Imprinted in the hyacinth fair—
Love with a Lady played—but where,
Or when, or how, 'tis yours to guess:
Enough if we this truth declare—
Love with a Lady played at chess!

Most innocent and calm, and high
The mind which in that Lady's face
Was mirrored, as the morning-sky
In a clear brook's green dwelling-place;
And, robed in each serenest grace,
She mused, more tranquil than the dove;
So there, as time flew on apace
The Lady played at Chess with Love.

'Twas like a dream to see them play;
So deeply, marvelously still,
And hushed in charmed thought, sat they,
One influence of the tyrant will
Controlling both, for well or ill!
And surely in that silentness
Angels, on heaven's own azure hill,
Watched the sweet Pair who played at Chess.

But see, a smile succeeds to doubt
In her fair eyes—they see "the move;"
And swift as thought she stretches out
Her small white hand, without a glove,
And moves the piece—below, above,
Across, on all sides, unafraid,
Joy in her soul; and thus with Love
Her game at chess the Lady played.

What is the world, and what is life,
To her whose heart is in the game!
The bliss of that ingenious strife
Is dear to her as health or fame!
With whomsoever she plays the same:
E'er losing has some power to bless;
And were Love dead, she'd feel no shame
To sit with Hatred down to Chess!

Love, brooding o'er the board, grows dull,
And, beaten, seems but half awake;
Her hope meanwhile grows ripe and full,
She takes what'er she wills to take;
When lo! what nothings sometimes make
A mighty shock! That Lady's lip
Quivers with some convulsive ache—
Her hand just touched Love's finger-tip.

Her heedless hand! while wandering o'er,
Eager to snatch the ivory prize,
It touched Love's lightly, once—no more!
How can a touch thus paralyze!
How flush her cheek, how fire her eyes!
How fill her soul with sweet distress,
Delight, despair, beyond disguise,
And make her lose—that game at Chess!

His eyes had been on hers for hours,
Yet knew she not that Love had gazed;
His breath had warmed her cheek's rich flowers,
And still these thoughts were all unraised.
Now sits she like a thing amazed;
Her chance at every move grows less;
She plays at random—one so crazed
Ne'er lost or gained a game at Chess.

Thoughts of the *player* now crowd above
Thoughts of the *game*, that else would press,
She only feels she plays with Love,
She does not know she plays at Chess.
Her dog might spring with wild caress,
Mother or sister tilt the board,
And she know no emotion less,
Or more, of all her heart must hoard!

King, Queen, that heart hath quite forgot;
No Knight hath sway there, but a swain;
No Castle seeks she, but a Cot;
No Bishop, but a curate plain.
Such is Love's fine electric chain;
One touch has done it! Need he sue?
No; ere he'd time to touch again,
He'd won the game—and Lady too!

Prospectus

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Volume 18th, Commencing June 19, 1841,

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Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1841.

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